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"PHYSIC-AL TORTURE"

Remember the student who made such a stink
Because of his troubles with india ink?
Well he's found something new to swear at and curse,
And claims he has found a subject that's worse!

Three kinds of matter that seem to contain
A lot more grief and mental strain,
The study of solids, liquids and bubbles,
Physics, no less, is the cause of his troubles!

Masses and weights were an awful trial
To see any difference took quite awhile,
For he, when Daniel presented it first,
Thought a slug was a unit of quenchment for thirst!

Four years' service and three wound stripes
Two tours of ops and torpedoed twice,
Yet all this he claims was pretty drab —
Compared to the troubles he had in the lab!

It seems the results that he got from his work
First indicated that he was a jerk,
But then with the answer found out ahead
He worked from the wrong end and hit it dead!

But this type of work was bound to show
When exams came round and he had to go,
Since he had no answers to start his thought
His final mark was a great big nought!

I know you will all be relieved to hear
That this is the last time he will appear,
He will never again knock at learning's door —
For he just withdrew and "signed active" once more.

SCENE FROM WONDER-
LAND

Twisting, winding streets slid know-
ingly around quaint corners, beckoning
the curious. The rumble of traffic
echoed through the muted halls of sun-
warmed stone; slim spires and melod-
ious bells, chiming; the silent pacing,
on worn flags, of gowned figures strol-
ling from lectures; the austere beauty
of old buildings, their diamond panes
a-winking in the sun; the velvet green
of cared grass; the arched ways and
echoing passages, marked by iron-
bound oaken doors that hid the mys-
teries of learning.....

Melodious notes wafted gently a-
cross quadrangles softly claimed at-
tention with their beauty. Golden
chimes, cutting timidly across the or-
gans sombre background, marked the
quarter-hour, and sweet twitterings of
birds lifted the heart.

'Twas noon, and Oxford dreamed,
pausing before resuming the tranquil
labours of learning. The droning mur-
mur of an approaching aeroplane grew
momentarily thunderous, but the city
cared not. Spires moved majestically
against the clouds, and the sun, win-
ning an occasional skirmish, magically
clothed a window with glory.

The organ trembled away to silence,
the birds were stilled, the sun defeated.
Gradually the ruling purpose of this
enchanted city, so placid, so seeming
silent and idle, became apparent.
Hurrying undergraduates materializ-
ed, their soft hum a muted murmur in
the summer air. Serious faces, youth-
ful, intent, were blind to beauty around
them, for they were in two worlds, but
of one, and the approaching examinat-
ions loomed large upon their horizon
like angry clouds covering the sky.

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